Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame,
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Deſ. I will ſo, what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchiefe which I ſo lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gaueſt to *Caſio*.
Deſ. No, by my life and ſoule,
Send for the man and aske him.
Oth. Sweet ſoule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. I, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, preſently:
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remoue, nor choake the ſtrong conception
That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.
Deſ. Then Lord haue mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay amen.
Deſ. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life,—neuer lou'd *Caſsio*,
But with ſuch generall warranty of heauen,
As I might loue; I neuer gaue him token.
Oth. By heauen I ſaw my handkerchiefe in his hand:
O periur'd woman, thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And makſt me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice;
I ſaw the handkerchiefe.
Deſ. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſſe a truth.
Oth. He has confeſt.
Deſ. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath—vſde thee.
Deſ. How, vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtop'd.

Honeſt